

THE CHILD'S PAPER

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.

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and ride on the king's horse, and wear a crown on his head, and let one of the first princes in the land lead the horse round the city, crying, 'This is done to the man whom the king delights to honor.'

Then the king said to Haman, "Do all this to Mordecai who sits at the gate." How do you suppose Haman felt then? But he did not dare refuse. He did as the king said, and led Mordecai through the streets sitting on the king's horse, with a crown upon his head. Was not that a bitter pill?

When the king learned that Haman had lied against Mordecai and proved such an evil counsellor, what did he do but hang Haman upon the very gallows which he had built for Mordecai.

So "pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

This story you will find in the book of Esther, in the Bible, and I think you will find great pleasure in reading it.

TO OUR LITTLE ONES.

Many of you are life-members of the Society which publishes The Child's Paper. You were made members by the contribution of twenty dollars by your father or mother, or by your aunts or uncles, or some other friend. All life-members are parts of the Society, and have an interest in its labors to do good. Do you want to know what you can do? You can pray God to bless the Society. You can form little societies among yourselves, and gather up the pennies and dimes and dollars, and when you have gathered a little "pile," you can give it to the Society to send books and tracts and Messengers to the soldiers in the army. How glad this would make them, and how much good it would do them. Or you could have the money applied for printing books and tracts for heathen children; or you could buy the Society's books and distribute them among those around you who have no good reading. Then you could try and get every little boy and girl, or at least one in each family, to subscribe for The

Child's Paper, and thus increase the circulation. Oh how much the little readers of The Child's Paper can do in this way if they will only "try." Perhaps you had rather think out some good plan of *your own*, and when you have done so, carry it into effect in your own way. I am sure you will find a blessing while trying to bless others.

A MOTHER who sends twenty cents to The Child's Paper writes, "Little Stella loved dearly to sit on her mother's knee and look at the pictures and listen to the stories in The Child's Paper. One pleasant Sabbath morning, nearly three weeks ago, God took her. She left us a few pennies, made sacred by her many countings. These I send to you to pay for a Child's Paper, in hope that it may brighten the eyes and gladden the heart of some other mother's darling."

For The Child's Paper.

Did you ever hear of Haman? He was a prince in the court of Persia, and a favorite of the king. He ate at the king's table, and drank of the king's wine. He was rich, and of course everybody was ready to do him honor. Whenever he went in and out of the king's palace, people bowed their heads as he passed. Did not that please him? No; because there was one man at the gate of the king's palace who did not bow his head, and the slight wounded his pride. You see he was very proud. It made him angry. He could not forget or forgive it. He complained of it to his wife; and not all his fine things gave him pleasure while Mordecai treated him so. Was it not foolish; was it not unreasonable and wicked? And yet are we not more apt to complain of slights than to feel thankful for favors? If only one thing does not suit us, our thoughts dwell on that, and we worry and vex

ourselves, and get sour and discontented, and forget all our blessings.

Now see the harm of it. Haman's wounded pride festered into hate. He hated Mordecai; and hate leads to revenge. Haman determined to be revenged on Mordecai. He told lies about him to the king until he prevailed upon the king to order his execution. And Haman had a high gallows made to hang Mordecai on. But Mordecai was a servant of God, and God delivered him out of the hands of wicked Haman.

Some time before, Mordecai had saved the king's life, and that night the king remembered he had never rewarded the man who did it. He asked his servants who it was. They told him. When Haman came in, the king asked Haman "what should be done for the man whom the king delighted to honor." Haman supposed it meant himself, and he said, "Let him be dressed in the king's robe,

For The Child's Paper.

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

Lucy's mother gave her some sewing. "Lucy," said she, "I want you to finish this before I come home." "Yes, mother," said Lucy, "I will try to." Then Mrs. Jay put on her bonnet and shawl and went out. As soon as her mother's back was turned, what did the little girl do—play? No, for she knew God saw her; and Lucy wanted to please God, therefore she would never do behind her mother's back what she would not before her eyes.

Pretty soon one of her school-mates came to the door. "Lucy," she said, "will you go and take a walk this pleasant afternoon?"

"I should like to," answered the little girl, "but my mother told me to finish this sewing, and I cannot leave it." "Can't you do it some other time?" asked the school-mate. "No," said Lucy, "because mother said *now*, and I must mind her." The child went away very sorry.

Not long after, Lucy's brother Bob ran into the room. "Lucy," he cried, "Lucy, do come and watch my kite flying; she's a rouser." "I should like to, Bob," said Lucy, "but mother told me to finish this work while she was gone, and I must." "Pooh!" cried Bob, pulling the work out of her hands; "no matter about *that*, come and see me fly my kite." "Dear Bobby," said Lucy gently, "I must mind mother." "Pooh!" cried Bob, but I don't think he meant "pooh." To be sure he was a little vexed, but he loved his sister more for her faithfulness afterwards.

Next a little ache came into Lucy's ear. "Go away, little ache," said Lucy, "I cannot attend to you now; I have work I must do for mother;" and the little ache finding no attention paid to it, went away.



Then kitty ran into the room, Lucy's little frolicsome kitty; and when she saw Lucy's ball on the floor she was ready for a play. Lucy did like very much to play with her. "Not now, kitty," said Lucy, "work before play;" and kitty had to play all alone, which she did not like very well.

And so a little golden thread of duty ran through Lucy's life, keeping her steady in the good path of right. God gives one to every child, only some break it, some let go, and others neglect it altogether. Lucy knew she was a thoughtless, sinful child, and therefore she prayed her Saviour to help her hold it and keep it constantly in view; and you see how it kept her.

H. C. K.

HAVE you seen the new two-cent piece?

It has a wreath of wheat on one side, the great national product of our soil, furnishing food for the millions; on the other is our national shield, with the inscription, "IN GOD WE TRUST." We rejoice in this recognition of the great Head of our nation—God, our Shield, our Defence, our Leader, our Ruler, the bountiful Giver of every good and perfect gift. And in this time of peril and dis-

traction, it is good to lift up our eyes to One who can never fail us, in whom trust is never misplaced.

For The Child's Paper.

THE WIDOW GRAFF, OR WHAT SAVED THE TRAIN.

The widow Graff lived in a hollow of the Blue Ridge. It was a wild, lonely spot; yet a railroad found it out, and wound its way among the mountains and gorges with its great passenger and freight trains.

The widow Graff had a small cabin and a few acres of land, and she had three little girls. They feared God, and loved their mother and tried to help her. In the summer they picked berries, and walked three miles to the nearest station to sell them. Here one of the conductors on the road often met these little girls. How did he treat them? He spoke *kindly* to them. When they were very tired carrying their heavy baskets over the rough way in the hot sun, remembering his little girls at home, he would sometimes take them on the cars, and set them down near their own cabin door. How happy this little ride made them, and how heartily they thanked the good conductor for his kindness. And do you not suppose it pleased the poor mother? Oh yes; it went to her heart. And to show their gratitude, sometimes the children picked a basketful on purpose for him, and sometimes their mother sent him a little present of fruit from her own garden. He took their gifts, but always paid for them.

Now I will let the conductor tell you what happened. "The winter of '54 was very cold in that part of Virginia," he says, "and the snow was nearly three feet deep upon the mountains. On the night of the 26th of December it turned round warm, and the rain fell in torrents. A terrible rain swept over the mountain tops, and almost filled the valleys with water. The night was pitchy dark, but as my train wound its way among the hills, I had no fears, because I knew the road bed was all solid rock.

"It was near midnight, when a sharp whistle from the engine brought me to my feet. I knew there was danger in that whistle, and I sprang to the brakes at once; but the brakemen were at their posts, and soon stopped the train. I seized my lantern and made my way forward as soon as possible. And what a sight met my eyes! A bright fire of pine logs shone on the track far and near, showing a terrible gulf open to receive us. The snow and rain had torn out the base of the mountain, and eternity seemed spread out before us. But widow Graff and her children had found it out, and had brought light brush from their home below and built large fires to warn us of our danger. And there had they been for more than two hours watching beside this beacon of safety. As I went up where the old lady and her children stood, wet through and through, she grasped me by the hand, and said,

"Thank God, Mr. Sherbourn, we stopped you in time. I would have lost my life before one hair of your head should have been hurt. Oh, I prayed that we might stop the train, and, my God, I thank thee!"

"The children were crying for joy. I fell on my knees and offered up thanks to an all-wise Being for our safe deliverance from a terrible death, and called down blessings upon the good old woman and her children. Near by stood the engineer, firemen, and brakemen, the tears streaming down their weather-beaten cheeks.

"I made Mrs. Graff and her children go back to the cars out of the storm and cold; and telling the passengers the story of our wonderful escape, the ladies and gentlemen vied with each other in their thanks and heartfelt gratitude to the courageous woman and her brave little girls. More than that, a purse of four hundred and sixty dollars was made up for her on the spot, the willing offering of a train of grateful passengers.

"The railroad company built her a new house, gave her and her children a life pass over the road, and ordered all trains to stop and let her off when-

ever she wished. So you see that a little kindness, which cost me nothing, saved my life and my train from destruction."

Oh the power of kindness!

For The Child's Paper.

"THE ROUGH HOUSE."

Hamburg is a great city in Europe. What do you think it was once noted for? *Wicked, vagabond children*—boys and girls outside all schools except the school of Satan. One October evening in 1832, a few pious men met together to ask God what they should for them. Wichern was the name of one of these men, a young minister. His heart was full of the love of Jesus, and like his heavenly Master, he loved the poor outcasts; nobody else loved them. "We can do nothing for them here," he said, "where every thing around them is bad. We must have a Christian home for them."

How could that be? They were poor men, and had no money to spare for new enterprises. "We have one treasure," said Wichern, "the promises of God." Yes, they indeed had that; and they had a bank too, the bank of Faith. After talking the matter over, they agreed to meet again in a month. They said little of it; but if they met in the street, "*Are you praying earnestly?*" they asked each other. The question was soon answered, for a gentleman who knew nothing of their plans gave \$75 to one of their number, "to go to the poor," he said. A pious merchant left \$5,000 for the same purpose. This was offered them.

The little band met. Four weeks before, they had nothing but prayer, the promises, and faith. Now God had put more than \$5,000 into their hands; and as the plan crept out, some servant girls collected their mites, a shoemaker emptied his savings-box, and others did a little.

Near Hamburg a good man lived, who, when he heard of it, told Wichern he would give land for a house. It was a cold winter's night; but the young minister hurried to town with the good news, and called his friends together for a thanksgiving. Had they not waited upon God? and in three months had he not given them friends, money, and land?

Pretty soon they found the land was not to be had. This was a great blow. "Perhaps we are trusting too much to our success," said Wichern. "We should never build on any thing but God; no, not even on his gifts."

Then the same good man thought of another little place he had; yet it was leased, and the lease was not out. However, he rode over one day to see his tenants, and sure enough, they wanted to leave. The ground was not large, and the cottage was out of repair; but it had a deep well, a garden, a fish-pond, and a fine old chestnut-tree by it. The name of the place was "Das Rauhe Haus," which means in English, "The Rough House." It was not to be a ragged-school, or a house of correction, or a beggar's asylum, but a *Christian household*; and in October the minister and his mother went to live under the low thatched roof of the little Rauhe Haus. The good man who gave it hung two pictures in the sitting-room, Christ entering Jerusalem, when, you remember, *children* cried hosannas, and Christ blessing little children.

On the 8th of November three boys came, and soon there were twelve, from five to eighteen, and a worse set were never got together. They were pickpockets, housebreakers, thieves, and liars—*street boys*, who had slept only on stones, in carts, and even on the ice, whose food had been what they could pick up, raw meat, tallow, potato-peel, and May-bugs. This was the household of that loving son and mother; to be made gentle, sober, honest, good, and all by the power of Christ's love. Wichern told them nothing was to be said of their past life, but his mother was to be their mother. They had morning and evening worship, the Bible was read, sweet hymns sung, and prayer offered.

The boys looked and heard with amazement. What did it mean? He told them the story of Joseph and Moses and Samuel, and above all, of Jesus, who loved them so that he died for them on the cross. Love was the air of the house; and

slowly but surely their hard, wild, wicked hearts gave way before it. They could not bear much schooling; yet they must not be idle; they must have employment and a sense of order.

A high bank ran round one side of the house. "Let us level that," said Wichern; "let everybody see that the Rough House is a house of love, that it suffers no walls, or bolts, or bars, because the love of Christ binds stronger than bolts or walls." The thought struck them pleasantly. They went to work with a will. Neither snow nor ice stopped them, and sometimes they worked far into the night. Next a poplar was cut down. Some split it into firewood; some made matches; one tried to manufacture a wooden shoe, another a spoon; and so a beginning was made in the exercise of their faculties and ingenuity.

Nothing took stronger hold of them than singing. Tears often ran down their hard cheeks, and sometimes it affected them so much it had to be stopped. They readily learned the sweet hymns, and sang them over and over in the chestnut-tree.

On the first Christmas a boy ran off. He was found and brought back. When he arrived, the rest were singing a Christmas hymn round the mother. They stopped as he came in, and shrank from him. The oldest boys thought he should be punished very hard. One begged for his forgiveness; then the others put out their hands, and he was forgiven; and soon after he was sent a mile for milk, as if nothing had happened. About next Christmas a large sum of money was given him to go and buy meal. He took Wichern by the hand, and in a choking voice cried, "I can never, never forget how you trusted me last Christmas." Trust, you see, begat trust. A feeling of honor was roused, and kept from growing selfish by being joined to the forgiveness of sin for Christ's sake. "I wanted to run away," said another boy, "but I knew I was trusted, and could not do it." Another did go, but came back with a bag of apples and a hen for a peace-offering. "Forgive me," he prayed, "for God forgives." And so this love and forgiveness and Bible reading and singing of hymns began to educate their consciences; and with the help of the Holy Spirit, the wild, lawless boys of the Rough House started on a road of improvement which astonished everybody.

By and by they had a donkey and a cow, a hen-house, and beehives, which, with their garden and land, gave them plenty to do.

The Rough House found favor. As the boys went to town and told the story of their good and happy lives to their old associates, they too begged to come and live with the mother and her son. Then there must be a Rough House for girls, and Wichern found his heart and hands full. And so God blessed this effort to reclaim poor wanderers through *Christian family life*, in which Christ's law and love is the rule of every thing. The children thus trained became kind, useful, God-fearing men and women, and went away to be a blessing and not a curse to the world. Indeed they were in great demand. A Rough House boy was sure to find work anywhere.

In 1850 the old Rough House had grown to twenty houses, the old garden had spread to fifty acres, the twelve boys had spread to four hundred and fifty-two, and one hundred and thirty girls. Almost every kind of labor is done there, from shoemaking to baking and printing.

It has visitors too without number, and has been the parent of many similar institutions both in England and America. H. C. K.

For The Child's Paper

A GOOD PROVIDER.

Sarah was a poor, sick girl. She had a bent spine, and was confined to her bed, sometimes suffering the greatest pain. But she was a child of God, and I want to show you how sweet she found it to trust her Father in heaven.

Winter was coming, her last food was eaten, and every cent was gone. She was destitute of clothing, bedding, fire, and light. "What is to be done now?" "The Lord will provide," said Sarah.

"The comfort I then enjoyed, of being entirely destitute and in my Father's hands, was more than I could express," she said afterwards. "I never before knew the fulness of the promises. 'The Lord will provide' was a feast. While I was praying and meditating, a knock was heard at the door, and a package of clothing left, with money enough to pay all my needful expenses." This was indeed being fed and clothed by faith.

She wrote to her aunt, "My ever dear aunt, I have learned not to make my wants known to any earthly friend, but to cast them all upon my heavenly Father, who careth for me, and to wait his time and way of supply. I have the same kind hand to provide for me that the prophet had, who was fed by the ravens. I shall never suffer want. My Father gives me more than I ask for, or feel I need."

How blessed to be a little child of our heavenly Father, stretching out our hand to him to lead and guide us.



For The Child's Paper.

JASPER was an only child, and an "only child" is apt to be spoiled. His mother was a widow, a poor widow, and often sick. Jasper felt very much for his poor sick mother, and he tried to help her every way he could. He did not think she must wait upon him, as some boys do; but he made it his pleasure to wait upon her. Sometimes he made her bed, cooked her breakfast, swept the room. Then he did errands for the neighbors, and in this way earned a great many pennies.

One day a gentleman gave Jasper his old fishing-rod. This pleased the little boy. He said he should be a fisherman; and the next day he went down on Long-wharf and caught cunners, a fine little fish for frying. These he knew he could sell; but he did not forget the gentleman who gave him the rod. "Sir," said Jasper, finding Mr. Lane in his piazza, "I brought you some cunners." "How much do you ask?" "Oh, nothing, sir," said Jasper; "I brought them for thanks." "For thanks!" cried the gentleman; "you need not thank me." "Well, I have thanked God," said the little boy.

"And you can't give him any thing," said Mr. Lane.

"Yes, sir," answered Jasper, "I can. I can give myself to him. 'Tis all that I can do," the hymn says."

"And do you suppose he'd take the gift of you?" asked the gentleman.

"Yes, sir," said Jasper humbly, "because he

said when he was upon earth, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.'"

Mr. Lane found the little boy had the best of it, so he took the cunners and said no more.

That night he sent Jasper's mother a five-dollar bill.

You see how a good boy can be a praise and blessing to his mother.

For The Child's Paper.

DOING SOMETHING FOR GRANDPA.

"Mamma," said Lizzie, "don't you think I can do something for grandpa?" "I hardly know, Lizzie; you are a very little girl, and grandpa lives a great way off." "I think I can do something for him, mamma. I love him, and want to do something." "What does a little girl think she can do for grandpa?" "Can't I hem a handkerchief, and send it to him in a letter?" she asked. "Mamma thinks that would be a great undertaking for a little girl who has not yet learned to sew." "Don't you know, mamma, that I can take a few over and over stitches?" "Over and over stitches will not hem a handkerchief, little daughter." "Well, then, mamma, can't I learn to hem? I can try," said Lizzie. Lizzie had fully made up her mind to do something for grandpa, if it did cost an effort. "I want grandpa's handkerchief to be red silk, with spots in it. Wont it be pretty, mamma?"

So the handkerchief was bought, and mamma basted the hem. Then she showed Lizzie on a bit of cloth how to hem, and the little girl began her work. Many a time was the needle put in and taken out again, because the stitch was not pretty enough for grandpa to see. By the time she had taken three good stitches her little arm ached sadly, and her eyes were very red; so the work was put away.

After resting a while, Lizzie wanted to sew again. Her tongue was as busy as her fingers. She wondered what grandpa would say when he got the beautiful present, how he would like the sewing, and how soon she could send it. But the stitches did not always come right. Sometimes she had to try five or six times before she could get a pretty stitch. Lizzie's patience was often sorely tried; but she remembered the story of the patient spider, who tried more than a hundred times before he could build his web, but at last succeeded.

After many days grandpa's handkerchief was nicely hemmed. The next thing the little girl tried to do was to mark the first letters of his name in one corner. So Lizzie took a book and found the letters L. H., and made them with her needle and thread. She succeeded very well for such a little girl. Then she printed a little letter, for she could not write. This was the letter:

"DEAR GRANDPA—I hemmed this handkerchief for you, and I marked it too."

Lizzie asked her papa to direct the letter, and the next morning it was on its way to grandpa. After a few days Lizzie heard that grandpa was much pleased with the handkerchief, and that it 'most brought tears to the eyes of grandpa and grandma too to see how patient she had been. I cannot tell which was the happiest, little Lizzie in hemming the handkerchief, or grandpa in receiving it.

Even very little fingers, with love and patience to help them, can do many things for their dear parents or grandparents. This is pleasing to the Saviour, for they have done much for you. The dear Saviour has done more for you than the kindest of parents can do. Let all the little hands with loving hearts do what they can for the dear Saviour, striving even harder to please him than their earthly friends.

F. H. H.

One verse from the Bible may be enough to strengthen us in sore temptation; one prayer may stick to us closer than brother or friend; one fixed resolution in God's strength to do what is right may be the rallying point for a useful and godly life.



"He that gathereth in summer is a wise son; but he that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame." Psa. 10:5.

Now is the summer time for me,
And like the little busy bee,
I must improve the hours:
In every little plant I find,
I'll look for honey for the mind,
And fill my heart with flowers.

For The Child's Paper.

UP THE BLUFF.

We were on a pic-nic. It was in a grove on a bluff overlooking the ocean; a fine, cool, shady spot in a hot summer's day. Roger and I strayed away from the party to a small beach below the bluff to pick up shells. While we were skipping on the rocks and filling our pockets, the tide came in and flooded the strip of land by which we came. What should we do? There was no boat to take us off, and no way of escape but to climb the steep side of the bluff fronting the sea. Oh, it looked so steep, so high. *Could* we climb it? We shouted to our friends above. They caught sight of us, yet what could they do? They had no ropes to hold out to us. The tide came nearer and nearer. How bitterly we repented coming. Why did we not stay in safety on the bluff? The tide began to curl round our very feet, and scale the hill we must. At the first step the sand gave way beneath our tread. I caught hold of the bushes growing among the rocks. The twigs broke, and the rocks came tumbling down.

I began to cry with fright, when suddenly a man crept round a rock. "Here, child," he said to me kindly, "put your hand in mine, and don't be afraid." I put my hand in his strong, kind hand, and the very touch of it gave me courage. Up he went over the rocks, drawing me after him, up, up, up. If the sand gave way, I had him to hold on to; if a twig broke, I had him to cling to. Up, up, until he landed me safely on the top. Then he went down and drew up Roger. How happy we were, how thankful were our friends, especially when we looked down and saw the tide covering the spot where we stood. The kind man was a fisherman, who saw our danger and ran to save us.

How sweet to take hold of *mother's* hand, and walk by her side. How good to have *father's* hand through dark, strange, and dangerous places. There is another Hand still stretched out to you, and a voice which says, "Here, my child, put your hand in mine, and don't be afraid." Do you know who? It is the Lord Jesus. You are trying to climb to heaven. It is hard climbing alone. Your feet keep slipping back. The things you hope will help you don't answer. They are not strong enough to hold you. What can you do? If you stay where you are, you will be lost. Then that sweet voice whispers, "Here, my child, put your hand in mine, and don't be afraid." It is the precious Saviour. He sees your danger, and hastens to save you. Put your hand in his. Do not let it go. Keep fast hold of him. By his side you can go up the hill of difficulty, overcome all the hinderances of the narrow way, and reach heaven, that happy land.

My children, put your hands in Jesus', and *don't* let go.

R.

"Stand by the old flag, and cling to the cross of Christ," said a dying soldier to his comrades.

"Stand by the old flag, and cling to the cross of Christ," was his last message home.

A noble motto. "Stand by the old flag, and cling to the cross of Christ." A brave, true stand, boys.

WHEN WE MEET AGAIN.

By J. H. McNaughton, author of "Babbie Brook Songs."

Dolce. *Cres.* *Dim.*

1. 'Twill be in that bright land of love When we meet a - gain, And qui - et skies will smile above, When we meet a -

Cres.

gain. To higher strains our harps we'll string, The birds of song will sweeter sing, 'Twill be an ev - er - last-ing spring,

Dim. *f* *p* *Cres.*

When we meet a - gain, meet a - gain, meet a - - gain, 'Twill be an everlasting spring, When we meet again.

2. Sweet peace will garland every brow
When we meet again;
Adorned in bloom will be each bough,
When we meet again.
In spotless robes of love arrayed,
We'll dwell within the balmy shade
Of life's fair tree, that ne'er will fade,
When we meet again.

3. The promised crown will then be ours,
When we meet again—
A crown of life's unfading flowers,
When we meet again.
With joyous songs, and hand in hand,
We'll wander o'er the Eden land;
We'll be a happy angel band,
When we meet again.



For The Child's Paper.

A POOR mother has thrown her dear baby to the cruel crocodile, a poor heathen mother who knows no better. She thinks she is doing her idol's will in that way. You see the religion of idols is cruelty. How different from the religion of Jesus, which is love.

"Crocodiles don't eat *our* children, do they?" said a little girl. *Such* kind of crocodiles do not; but ah, I am afraid there are crocodiles among us who eat up children. There is the crocodile Selfishness. He eats children up. Did you never see a child ate up with selfishness? There is crocodile Pride. He eats up children. Did you never see a person ate up with pride? There is crocodile Fretfulness. He eats some children up. There is the great crocodile Intemperance. He eats grown people up, young men, and old men and women. He bites the children, but so *easy* they don't always know it; so they do not always get out of his way. If they keep in his way, they are eat up at last. He creeps into saloons and ale-shops and taverns, and hides himself in bottles and decanters. There you can always see him, and know your danger. The best way is to *keep clear* of all such places.

These crocodiles I have been telling of are all the spawn of that awful one called Satan, who goes about seeking your ruin; and I know no way of escaping him but by "putting on the Lord Jesus," as Paul says; that is, you must have within and without the spirit of heaven. Then he can't harm you; no, not even one hair of your head. It makes him afraid; he backs off. There is something in the very smell of heaven which frightens him.

"Get thee behind me, Satan," said the Lord Jesus in the wilderness; and there is where he always goes if you have the Lord Jesus with you.

H. C. K.

"Do you know some people are saying the Bible is not true?" said a man to a poor African. "No, massa." "Yes, they say so." "Well, how can they say that?" asked Abakouta. "How can the Bible be a lie? I go alone into my own house, where there is no one, and I read the Bible, and he make my heart laugh. How can a lie do that? You know that before I knew Bible, I loved murder, I loved steal; but now I do not love murder, I do not love steal."

Let the Bible be judged by its *fruits*. It blesses all who make it the man of their counsel and the guide of their lives.

INTEGRITY is the backbone of character.

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